

VINCE GILL, Little Brother

We were just kids growing up in West Texas
Remember the hell we raised
We chased the girls we never could catch them
Those were are glory days
You called me cowboy
Cause I drove a pickup and sang those old cheatin' songs
Buy a bottle of Boone's Farm
Wind up all messed up
Where have those years all gone

[Chorus:]
Hey little brother this is old cowboy
Best keep your radio on
Cause I might get lucky, sing in the Opry
And I'll dedicate you this song

I hit the highway and never looked back
You stayed here in our old hometown
You married a sweet girl down around Austin
Had nine kids whose eyes are all brown

I hit every barroom from Bakersfield to Boston
Seeking whiskey, fortune, and fame
Countin' these white lines sure gets lonely
Someday they'll all know my name

[Chorus]

The years come and go
I've sure realized
There ain't nothin like your best friend
If there's one thing I know
'Til the day that I die
You've got me back brother Ben

Hey little brother this is old cowboy
You've got your radio on
Tonight I got lucky, I'm singin' on the Opry
I dedicate you this song

Yeah tonight I got lucky,
I'm singin' on the Grand Ole Opry
I dedicate you this song